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Thought for the Day

To complain robs life of half its beauty and attractiveness, frets away the sunshine, and never lets you see any good in anything or anyone.

"Jingo" Hay Ride

Last evening was a most fitting one for a hay ride—especially to Silver Springs, where it is seemingly always so cool and inviting. Two of the Colliers' big wagons were converted into hayrides and promptly at 8 o'clock the merry members of the Jingo Club mounted to position, chaperoned by Mrs. T. H. Wallis and Miss Frances Tarver. Arriving at the springs, they found the pavilion a glow of lights, made so by Mr. Mathews, who had an inkling that "company" was coming. The string band was in evidence also, and to its inspiring strains the young people tangoed, jingled, turkey-trotted and hesitated, until the eleventh hour, when a delicious picnic lunch was served and ravenously devoured. Those composing the party were Misses Beulah Whitney, Catherine and Mary Harriet Livingston, Theo and Gladys Wallis, Nellie Beckham, Emily Bridges, Blanche Whaley, Ellen Stripling, Nellie Liddon, Ruby Cappleman, Louise Sanders, Alice Sexton and Messrs. Carlton Irvin, Albert Harris, Harold Meade, John Tarver, John Batts, Joe Blalock, William Stroud, Carol Blalock, Duncan McDonald, Homer Small, Hugh Geiger, Leroy Bridges and Dick Stroud.

Miss Abbie Munroe entertained the Thursday afternoon auction club at her home, Onondaga Hill, at three o'clock this afternoon instead of yesterday, which is the regular club day. Miss Munroe, assisted by her sister, Miss Annie Munroe, was most cordial in receiving her guests and at the conclusion of the games served a most refreshing ice course. Miss Munroe had only the club members for this afternoon, namely: Mrs. G. K. Robinson, Mrs. J. H. Hickman, Mrs. T. T. Munroe, Mrs. Lal Gamsby, Mrs. M. G. Chambers and Miss Minnie Gamsby.

Mrs. H. M. Hampton returned yesterday afternoon from a ten days' visit to Atlanta, where she went especially to be in attendance upon grand opera. Mrs. Hampton was most lavishly entertained by a host of friends during her stay in the great southern metropolis.

Mrs. J. A. Hampton, who has been the guest of her son and grandchildren, during the absence of Mrs. H. M. Hampton in Atlanta, will return to her home in Floral City Sunday.

Mrs. Lalla Martin Munroe, who had intended leaving for Savannah on last Wednesday, deferred her trip until tomorrow, when she will leave on the afternoon Seaboard to join her daughter, Miss Frances Bangs and together they will go to Tybee for a visit to her sister, Mrs. Albert Birdsey and family. Later, Mrs. Munroe and daughter will go to Richmond, Miss Bangs being sponsor for the Second Florida Brigade, then to Asheville for a short visit, after which they will return to Ocala to make their home, opening again her pretty little home place adjoining that of her parents, Col. and Mrs. J. M. Martin. This indeed will be pleasant news to the host of friends of this charming family.

It is with great pleasure that we learn of the appointment of Miss Frances Martin Bangs, granddaughter of Col. and Mrs. John M. Martin, as sponsor of the Second Florida Brigade at the reunion in Richmond, in June. Miss Bangs' appointment came through General Alfred Ayer and the compliment conferred on the granddaughter of Florida's "grand old man" is most fittingly and graciously bestowed.

Mrs. Dallas Jeffcoat is entertaining her mother, Mrs. Speir of Plant City, who came up yesterday to make the acquaintance of her young nephew, Master Kenneth Speir Jeffcoat, who made his debut to Ocala society early Sunday morning.

Miss Marie von Engelken returned Tuesday afternoon from a lengthy visit in Chicago and other western cities, where she has been interested and engaged in settlement work all winter. After a two months visit to her father and mother, Dr. and Mrs. L. H. von Engelken, she will return to Chicago to perhaps spend next winter.

Miss Ellen Leigh of Jacksonville, who is a popular guest of her aunt and uncle, Mr. and Mrs. Sam Leigh, was the honoree at a charmingly informal two table auction party yesterday afternoon, Mrs. R. N. Doss being the hostess. After a merry two-hour contest, Miss Nellie Gottlieb captured the prize, a pretty handkerchief. The souvenir to the honor guest was a white crepe de chene handkerchief. Those enjoying the afternoon with the hostess and lovely honoree were Misses Mary McDowell, Nellie Gott-

lieb, Ethel Crosby, Mrs. B. F. Condon and Mrs. Herbert Lattner. Sandwiches, ice tea, and chess pies were served at the conclusion of the games.

Historical Program at U. D. C. Convention in Leesburg

The twentieth annual convention of the Florida Division of the United Daughters of the Confederacy is now in session in Leesburg, with Sister Esther Carlotta, president, presiding. Dickson Chapter of this city has five members in attendance, among them being Miss Byrd Wartmann, state historian, an honor bestowed upon her at the annual meeting last year in Kissimmee. The meeting last night was devoted to the annual historical program and with ease and grace Miss Wartmann took the gavel from the president and presided for the remainder of the evening.

The convention chose wisely when it selected Miss Wartmann for this important position and in doing so the audience last evening was treated to a program of great excellence, which was interestingly rendered by those taking part. The program was as follows:

Invocation by Rev. Geo. H. Ward. Presentation of historian. Response by historian. Piano solo by Miss Miller.

"Florida's Part in the War Between the States," by Mrs. Norris, president of Tampa chapter.

Songs, "My Laddie" and "O Perfect Day," by Mr. Shattuck of Lady Lake.

Reading, "Our William," written by Mrs. E. G. Vann, of Madison, honorary president of the Florida Division, and read by Mrs. J. W. Reese of Pensacola.

Song, by Mr. Fabyan of Leesburg. Paper, "The Battle of the Crater," by Major T. D. Lancaster of Ocala, read by Sister Esther Carlotta, to whom it is dedicated.

Song, by Mrs. McCormack of Leesburg. Poem, by Mrs. M. E. Drew of Jacksonville, former poet laureate.

The delegates were taken on a delightful motoring trip Wednesday to Sunny Side, a beautiful residence suburb, to the golf links and around this city. Yesterday afternoon Treasure Island was the destination of a launch party including the Ocala representatives.

A whole-souled welcome prevails everywhere and Mrs. F. C. W. Kramer, president of Confederate Gray chapter, which is the hostess chapter, is making every one feel at home.

Mrs. D. E. McIver, president of Dickson chapter, state chairman of cemeteries; Mrs. J. C. Caldwell, directress of Fanny R. Gary C. of C.; Miss Byrd Wartmann, state historian; and Miss Annie Atkinson, recording secretary of Dickson Chapter, returned today from Leesburg, where they attended the 20th annual convention of the Florida Division, U. D. C. They were beautifully entertained and are enthusiastic boosters of Leesburg hospitality.

Yesterday afternoon the ladies were members of a party visiting Treasure Island, one of Leesburg's greatest show places. They were taken over by the owner, Mr. E. H. Mote, in his launch "Lucetta" and though they had heard and read much of the beauties of the place they were not prepared for the treat that was in store for them for they found that what they had been told and what they had read did not do full justice to the island and its beauties. Last evening the president of the Florida Division, Sister Esther Carlotta, and her executive board were given a reception at the Lake View Hotel, by the hostess chapter to which were invited the delegates, their hosts and hostesses. It was a beautiful affair and Ocala can well be proud of its representative in the receiving line, Miss Wartmann, who was kept busy receiving compliments on making the division such an efficient historian.

Mr. S. McDougall, who has been the winter guest of his daughter, Mrs. L. W. Duval, has concluded a visit to relatives in Tampa and is now spending a few days with Mr. and Mrs. A. B. Efford, at Leesburg before returning to Ocala.

The musical given at the Christian church last evening by the Zimmerman sisters, was decidedly the most beautiful and thoroughly enjoyable of any of its kind ever given in Ocala. Critics who are competent to judge and know, have said that it was indeed a rare treat and regretted exceedingly that they were not greeted by a larger audience. These sisters are making a tour of the state and in every city where they have played without one exception they have been urged to make a return date.

St. Margaret's Guild of the Episcopal church will hold a silver tea on next Monday afternoon between the hours of four and six o'clock at the residence of Mrs. Chas. S. Cullen, on Ft. King avenue. A cordial invitation is extended to every one and it is hoped a large company will be present.

(Continued on Fourth Page)

The Married Life of Helen and Warren

By MABEL HERBERT URNA

Originator of "Their Married Life." Author of "The Journal of a Neglected Wife," "The Woman Alone," etc.

Excitement of the Midnight Landing is Subdued by the Ominous War Cloud

(Copyright, 1915, by the McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)

"A sleeper," eagerly. "Oh, can we get a sleeper?"

"That's what I'm going to find out. You stay here with these," and, leaving Helen with the hand baggage, Warren hurried to the ticket window.

The dimly lit station was swarming with passengers from the St. Paul. All tensely anxious to get on to London. The excitement of the midnight landing was in the air.

London papers were being eagerly scanned for the latest war news. A cable supplied with cable and telegraph blanks was crowded with those anxious to send messages.

But there was none of the usual exhilaration of landing. Even the hurry and excitement were subdued by the ominous feeling of depression.

"Got two berths of some kind," announced Warren. Then, with a glance at the lunch counter, "Want some of that fodder while we wait? There's our old friend, Bovril," nodding at the familiar English sign.

"I don't like beef extract," murmured Helen.

"Hello, they've got a bar, too! What about sherry and bitters? That'll set you up."

"Wait, dear," as Warren started for the lunch counter. "A lot of people are wiring on to the hotels for rooms. Don't you think we'd better?"

"No; they always soak you more. Don't you worry—we'll get in somehow. They'll not turn away good American money, war or no war."

Warren now made a raid on the lunch counter, returning with sherry and sandwiches. They had had a late supper on the steamer, but the thought of the midnight landing in a country still in the throes of war had left Helen too excited to eat.

"All passengers this way!" shouted the guard.

Helen hastily finished her sandwich and followed Warren into the huge brick-lined hall, where all the baggage was ready for inspection.

"Keep close to me," as he pushed ahead and quickly located their trunks in the section under "C."

"Any spirits, tobacco or silver-plate?" asked the custom officer perfunctorily, as he chalked the trunks without opening them.

With some difficulty Warren got a porter. The scarcity of porters was one of the first evidences of the war.

"Register these trunks through to Easton," he ordered. "This hand baggage we'll have in the sleeper."

Outside they made their way down the platform to the waiting train.

"Where's this state room?" asked Warren, showing his ticket.

"They're not reserved, sir. Take any you like."

When the porter deposited their hand baggage in one of the stuffy state rooms, Helen looked around with amazed disapproval. Compared with the luxurious American sleeper it was crude, shabby and not even clean.

There were two cot-like berths with a washstand between. The curtains were stained and dusty, and the bit of carpet worn threadbare.

Helen promptly examined the dubious-looking bed linen. The narrow sheets barely covered the soiled mattress, and the harsh, stiff blankets were a grayish white.

"Dear, look! Even the sheets don't look fresh!"

"Well, they're getting American managers on these roads now. They'll send a lot of these old cars to the junk heap."

"Let's get out our steamer rugs," persisted Helen. "They're cleaner than these blankets."

Unheeding Warren's growling protest, she unstrapped the rugs. Then from her suitcase she took two towels and pinned them over the pillows.

"Now, see here," scowling around for a place to hang his coat; "you're to take things on this trip as you find 'em. We'll have none of this squeamishness. If you don't like—"

"Oh, wait," pleadingly. "Let me wash out that basin first," as Warren started to wash up. "And, dear, don't use that soap!"

Impatiently he waited while Helen washed out the dusty basin and got the soap from her suitcase.

"Oh, dear, I wouldn't stand on this dirty floor. Where're your slippers? Let me get them out for you."

"No, you don't," pushing her aside. "No sense in getting everything unpacked. I paid for this state room to get a few hours' sleep—not to potter around all night."

Helen had hardly begun to undress when Warren flopped into his berth. "Great Scott, this thing's narrow! Don't take any chances on tossing about. Say, what in thunder are you doing now?"

"I'll be through in a minute," for, having a deep-rooted aversion for doubtful wash basins, Helen was cleaning her face with cold cream.

"Well, I may not be so all-fired particular as you are—but I wouldn't smear all that grease paint on my face for a farm."

Through a lull in the rumbling of the baggage trucks, the voices of two women now came with shrill distinctness from the adjoining state room:

"I wonder if this shirt waist will do for tomorrow?"

"Oh, yes; I wouldn't put on a fresh one till we're there. My, it's good to get those shoes off! Patent leather draws my feet so."

"Tan shoes are easier for traveling. Oh, do you like those lace-front corsets? I've been wanting to try them, they say they're—"

"The rest was lost in the trundling of baggage outside. "Hub, just getting interesting," grinned Warren. "What're those two females over here alone for, anyway?"

"I think one is a correspondent for some paper," whispered Helen. "Don't you remember her, the one who was always writing on deck?"

"Oh, that! Well, it'll take more'n a lace front to make her—"

"Hush, dear, they'll hear you!"

"Now what else have you to do?" demanded Warren.

"Just to fix my hair—but I don't need the light for that."

She switched off the light and raised the window at the foot of her berth. The long platform was now cleared of trunks. The cold, white air globes flickered ghostly along the prison-like station. The familiar English signs of soap, tea and junket seemed frivolously out of place against the grim stone walls.

Then without a sound of bell or whistle, with almost a sinister silence, the train slipped out into the darkness.

The outskirts of Liverpool, with the streets stony, treeless, and poorly lit, looked inexpressibly dreary. There were endless rows of the monotonous, low brick houses, all dark now except for a faint glimmer from an occasional window.

Vaguely depressed by the scene, with a whispered "Good night, dear," Helen reached out across the narrow aisle.

"Good night," briefly, pushing away her hand.

"Now let's get what sleep we can." A silence of several moments then Helen crept out of bed and bent over him with a wistful:

"Dear, I can't go to sleep without telling you good night right!"

As she stooped to kiss him, her hand unconsciously slipped under his pillow and touched something cold and steady. With a frightened cry she drew back.

"Oh, oh! Why, Warren, that isn't—"

"Well, what if it is? What're you fumbling under my pillow for?"

"It—it isn't loaded!" breathlessly. "What use would it be if it wasn't?"

"But, dear, you don't think—"

"Think it's just as well to have one. Lot of sneak thieves at a time like this. Now you go to sleep and stop prowling around."

Helen crept back into her berth, but the touch of the revolver had chilled her. There was something terrifying in that cold steel. With a rush it brought back all her brooding thoughts of the war.

They were beyond the city now, speeding through the sweet-smelling English country. Raising her pillow, she gazed out on the peaceful farm lands. Here and there were groups of cows sleeping or grazing in the moonlight.

It was all so quietly peaceful that it was hard to think of the war some as being so near. All those Belgian battlefields had a few months ago been as serenely quiet as this. Perhaps many of the battles had been fought at night under just such a calm, pale moon.

The thought of the killed and wounded Helen resolutely put from her. All her mental anguish over the suffering in this war would not alleviate a single pang, and she was schooling herself not to think. Just before they sailed she had sent a check to the Red Cross. That was expressing her sympathy in the only way that could help.

Determinedly she now turned her thoughts to London. They would be there in the morning. What conditions would they find? The hotels, restaurants, music halls—all the places she had loved on her first trip—how many of those would be closed?

Whatever the hardships or inconveniences of the next few weeks, there was something thrillingly exciting about being so near the heart of things.

The spirit of adventure was always strong within Helen, and now she looked forward to their arrival in London with a glow of eager expectancy.

The Thirst for Applause. That the desire to "show off" and thereby win applause is a powerful impulse to action is evidenced by the refusal of a prisoner to leave jail on the ground that he did not wish to miss his chance of appearing in the prison entertainment for which he was diligently rehearsing. It may seem strange that anyone should prefer applause to liberty, but this prisoner is only one of thousands who have made equal or even greater sacrifices to the cause of artistic ambition, as the desire to "show off" is termed when truth is submerged by politeness.—New York Herald.

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A little book mailed by Bradfield Regulator Co., 235 Lamar Bldg., Atlanta, Ga., refers to many things that women like to read about. It refers not only to the relief from muscle strain due to their expansion but also to nausea, morning sickness, caking of breasts and many other distresses.

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